

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

TO communicate to the citizen the *political* concerns of his country ought ever to be the *first* object of newspapers. The *second* should be to diffuse a knowledge of improvements in agriculture, commerce and manufactures; to inform man how to diminish the toils of life; and to assist him in the acquirement of wealth and of rational pleasure.—But when a nation is greatly divided in political opinion; when the monster Faction boldly erects his standard and thousands are gathering around it, the *secondary* object is too frequently disregarded. In most public papers, nothing is then seen but invective and calumny. All information, that relates to the employment of the farmer, the mechanic, the philosopher, or religionist, must give way to the resistless torrent of party disquisition. This is the situation of the United States at the present period. And need arguments be adduced to prove, that publications, devoted to *Morality, History, Biography* and the *Belles-Lettres*, are, under proper direction, beneficial to our country? Common observation evinces the fact. Whatever has a tendency to banish ignorance and error from the human intellect; whatever can rouse a spirit of emulation, or enlarge the sphere of useful knowledge; whatever can ennoble the soul, by cherishing in it, generous and virtuous sentiments, must be deemed of high importance. Whether the *LITERARY TABLET* will, under its present management, exhibit any thing to *instruct*, or *amuse*, the candid reader must determine.

NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

N. B. The most remarkable occurrences of the times will be briefly noticed in the *Tablet*.

## —ORIGINAL—

## FLATTERY.

THE art of flattery is the most *pleasing*, the most *deceitful*, and the most *contemptible* of all arts. It is *pleasing*, because there is no man, who is not fond of praise. It is *deceitful*; for it makes all, the subjects of commendation, even those who have no claim to any thing praise-worthy. And it is *contemptible*, as it always has some sinister motive in lavishing a hundred false praises upon the person whose favor is courted. Although a man be worthy of ever so much praise, yet he may receive it from the mouth of a flatterer, in such a manner as to make it evident, that he is not praised on account of his merit, but for the sake of his favor. An artful sycophant too often succeeds in winning the person whom he flatters. For men are so desirous of thinking themselves, and of being thought by others, what they are not, that they will sometimes suffer a flatterer to gain an ascendancy over them, which no one else could obtain. Let every person have so

much praise as is his due, but to fawn, and caress for the sake of one's favor is beneath the dignity of man. No one flatters another for nothing. This may easily be seen by observing his conduct for any considerable time. He, who is a sycophant before your face is generally a calumniator behind your back.

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## “Difference between divine and human knowledge.”

MAN finds himself possessed of senses and reason. By the former, he collects materials, by the latter, he fabricates them, and the structure is knowledge. In accumulating these materials, he is active and passive. He is active in disposing his organs for the reception of ideas; he is passive, after such a disposition, in receiving ideas. Thus the mind obtains a knowledge of sensible objects. But it does not stop here. In attending to the objects of sense, the mind is conscious of various exercises of its own faculties. These exercises are bro't under its inspection. The mind not only perceives, wills and remembers, but has a capacity of noticing its own operations and the extent of its own powers in perceiving, willing and remembering. From thus reflecting on its own exercises and powers, the mind obtains a knowledge of itself. These two departments, the knowledge of sensible and the knowledge of intellectual objects, limit the enquiries of the human mind.

If we attempt to consider the knowledge of Deity, we shall find it almost wholly beyond the reach of human comprehension. Whether we view surrounding things separately, or collectively, we shall equally discover marks of intelligence. The chemist, who is acquainted with a few of the laws of affinity, observed among the minute portions of matter, and the astronomer, who investigates some obvious relations of the planetary system, are regarded by many as more than mortal. But how great is the difference between the knowledge of that being who, instituted these laws, and perfectly knows all their possible relations, and the knowledge of one, who can never become acquainted with but few effects that result from those laws? Any one, can notice the movements of a watch. The difference of sagacity in *observing* and *contriving* these movements is very apparent.

Nor does divine and human knowledge differ only in degree. We cannot say that Deity has any knowledge resembling our demonstrative knowledge. For that would not only suppose a succession of ideas, but likewise something that was to be demonstrated, with which he was before unacquainted. We cannot say, that he has any knowledge resembling our sensitive; for that would immediately make him material. If his knowledge resemble either kind of human, it must be intuitive.—How far it resembles this, it may be well to inquire. Intuitive knowledge is the mind's

discovery of the agreement or disagreement of two ideas without the intervention of a third. Here it is supposed, in the first place, that the ideas are presented to the mind between which an agreement or disagreement is to be discovered; and in the second that there are but two. This cannot be the case with Deity. For, all his ideas are always present to his mind; his seeing the agreement or disagreement of ideas cannot be confined to the agreement or disagreement of two ideas, but must extend to all his ideas at the same time.

In short, human knowledge may increase; and, unless reflections are reiterated, or if there be a decay of the intellectual faculties, it may decrease. The knowledge of Deity is always the same, always infinite. G. A.

## —SELECTED—

Remarks on ADAMS' *Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy*.—From the *English Review*.

Whether we consider the laudable design with which this comprehensive work was undertaken, or the attention and diligence which were employed in the execution of it, we are constrained to pay a tribute of respect to the deceased author. Our personal acquaintance with him enables us to bear testimony to the assiduity of his research, to the variety of his knowledge, to the labor which he bestowed on this work, and, above all, to the integrity of his mind and the virtues of his character. Differing from him in many opinions, unconnected with the immediate object of this performance, and which some readers may think he has introduced into it without necessity, and without adding to its value and use, we nevertheless highly esteemed his talents and his worth; and we are happy in being able to recommend this work, the composition of which employed the latter years of his life, as a repository of observations and experiments, of which the proficient in philosophy may occasionally avail himself, and which will be instructive and useful to those who devote any part of their time to philosophical inquiries and pursuits.

If he had lived to revise this publication, and to reconsider some opinions that are advanced in it with respect even to philosophical subjects, Mr. Adams would probably have seen reason for adopting different sentiments; and he might also have contrived to condense his materials into a narrower compass, and, by a style of writing less diffuse and declamatory, to diminish the magnitude of the work without depreciating its value.

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## NEW PLANET.

Dr. OLBERS, who sometime since discovered the planet which he named Ceres, has lately published his observations on another, which, from its vast magnitude, he has called



Hercules, being three times the bulk of Jupiter. He calculates the time of its revolution round the Sun at 211 years; its supposed distance from the centre of our System being 3,047,000,000 of miles. It looks to the naked eye, like a star of the 6th magnitude, and is now in the sign *Gemini*.—Dr. Olbers observed, on the 8th December last, that it moved; and, on the 6th of February, that it was a planet, attended by seven satellites, one of which is twice the size of our earth. It is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic in an angle of 30 degrees, and is in 13 degrees North amplitude: Its eccentricity is 1100. The Sun, to an inhabitant of the Earth, placed in it, with our powers of vision, would appear no larger than the smallest of the fixed stars.

#### OF THE TEA-PLANT.

OF all the vegetable productions of China, the tea-plant is the most valuable. The shrub, which seems to be a species of myrtle, seldom grows beyond the size of a rose-bush, or at most six or seven feet in height, though some have extended it to an hundred. It succeeds best in a gravelly soil, and is usually planted in rows upon little hills, about three or four feet distant from each other. Its leaves are about an inch and an half long, narrow, tapering to the point, and indented like our rose or sweet-briar leaves, and its flowers are much like those of the latter. The shrub is an evergreen, and bears a small fruit which contains several round blackish seeds, about the bigness of a large pea; but scarce above one in an hundred comes to perfection. By these seeds the plant is propagated, nine or ten of them being put into a hole together; and the shrubs thence arising are afterwards transplanted into proper ground. They thrive best when exposed to the south-sun, and yield the best tea; but there is a sort that grows without any cultivation, which, though less valuable, often serves the poorer sort of people.

The Chinese know nothing of imperial tea, and several other names which in Europe serve to distinguish the goodness and price of this fashionable commodity. In truth, though there be various kinds of tea, they are now generally allowed to be the produce of the same plant, only differing in the color, fragrance, &c. according to the difference of soil, the time of gathering it, and the method of preparation. Bohea or Bohea tea, is so called, not from the mountains of Bokein, where the best of that sort is said to grow, but from its dark and blackish colour. This chiefly differs from the green tea, by its being gathered six or seven weeks sooner, that is in March or April, according as the season proves, when the plant is in full bloom, and the leaves full of juice; whereas the other, by being left so much the longer upon the tree, looses a great part of its juice, and contracts a different colour, taste, and virtue.

The green tea is most valuable and used in China; and the Bohea seems not to have been known there till about the conclusion of the fifteenth century; for a judicious Hollander, who was a physician and botanist to the empe-

ror of Japan at that period, tells us that he had heard of the Bohea or black tea being come into vogue in China; but upon the strictest search he could make, could find no such thing, and therefore believed it was a false report. This makes it probable, that originally they gathered all the tea at the same time, but that, since the discovery of the smoothness and excellence of the more juicy Bohea, they have carried on the experiments still farther, by gathering it at different seasons.

As to the manner of curing the tea, the Bohea is first dried in the shade, and afterwards exposed to the heat of the sun, and over a slow fire, in earthen pans, till it is convolved or shrivelled up (as we see it) into a small compass. The other sorts are commonly crisped and dried as soon as gathered.

It is very rare to find tea perfectly pure, the Chinese generally mixing other leaves with it to encrease the quantity; though one would think the price is too moderate to tempt them to such a cheat, it being usually sold amongst them for three-pence per pound, and never for more than nine-pence; so that it is most probable the worst adulterations of it are made by our own retailers.

Bohea, if good, is of a dark colour, crisp and dry, and has a fine smell.

Green tea is also to be chosen by its crispness, fragrant smell, and light colour with a bluish cast; for it is not good if any of the leaves appear dark or brownish.

As to the properties of tea, they are very much controverted by our physicians; but the Chinese reckon it an excellent diluter and purifier of the blood, a great strengthener of the brain and stomach, a promoter of digestion, perspiration, and other secretions. They drink large quantities of it in fevers, in some sorts of colics, and other acute diseases; and think it corrects the acrimony of the humours, removes obstructions of the viscera, and restores decayed sight. That the gout and stone are unknown in China, is ascribed to the use of this plant. Some of the virtues attributed to tea, are undoubtedly imaginary, and it has bad effects upon some constitutions; but experience shows, that several advantages attend the drinking it with discretion. It quickens the senses, prevents drowsiness, corrects the heat of the liver, removes the head-ach, especially that proceeding from a crapula, and being greatly astringent, it strengthens the tone of the stomach.

*Chinese Traveller.*

*How empty learning and how vain is art,  
But as it mends the life and guides the heart.*

*YOUNG.*

#### PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

ONE chief cause of our erroneous notions of the perfections of God is the considering of them separately, and not in their admirable assortment and beautiful harmony. When we meditate on the goodness of God, we consider his goodness alone and not in harmony with his justice. When we meditate on his justice, we consider it in an abstract view, and without any relation to his goodness. And in the same manner we consider his wisdom, his power, and his other attributes.

This restriction of meditation is a source of sophistry. If we consider supreme justice in this manner, it will seem as if it ought to exterminate every sinner: and, on the contrary, if we consider supreme goodness in this manner, it will seem as if it ought to spare every sinner; to succour all the afflicted; to prevent every degree of distress; and to gratify every wish of every creature capable of wishing. We might observe the same of power, and of wisdom, and of every other perfection of God. But what shocking consequences would follow such views of the divine attributes! As we should never be able to prove such a justice, or such a goodness, as we have imagined, we should be obliged to infer, that God is not a Being supremely good; that he is not a Being supremely just; and the same may be said of his other perfections.

Persons, who entertain such notions, not only sink the Supreme Being below the dignity of his own nature, but even below that of mankind. Were we to allow the reasoning of these people, we should increase their difficulties by removing them, for the argument would end in downright atheism. Were we to allow the force of their objections, I say, we should increase their difficulties, and, instead of obtaining a solution of the difficulty which attends our notion of a divine attribute, we should obtain a proof that there is no God: for, could we prove that there is a being supremely good, in their abstract sense of goodness, we should thereby prove that there is no being supremely just; because supreme goodness, considered in their abstract manner, destroys supreme justice. The same may be said of all the other perfections of God, one perfection of the divine nature would destroy another, and to prove that God possessed one would be to prove that of the other his nature was quite destitute.

*Extract from the VAGABOND.*

#### A NOVEL.

*The Meeting of two Republican Philosophers.*

ONE fine summer evening, Doctor Alogos walking out to the banks of Wynander Meer, to enjoy the beautiful scenery surrounding, and reflected in the mirror of the crystal lake.

'This is charming,' said he to himself, as he walked onward; 'the harmony of nature is visible in every object round me; the clouds form a majestic and ever-varying canopy; man alone deviates from that pure state of existence he knew in the golden age; man alone is unhappy; his passions and his appetites in society know no bounds short of attainment; and why? because he will not copy the example of unerring nature in her conduct of animals. These never deviate into rapine and outrage—they live free, and are happy.'

At that moment he heard a noise in the air, and looking round, distinguished a hawk in full pursuit after a lapwing. The harmless creature fluttered, and appeared nearly exhausted, while the bird of prey redoubled his exertions—Dr. Alogos, who usually walked with a fowling-piece for his amusement, bro't the hawk down at a shot; and the lapwing, as



if to thank him, settled near upon the ground. In a little time it recovered from its fright, and a fine worm creeping before it fell a prey to *insinuat*.

The Doctor mused on this subject as he continued his walk. 'At worst,' said he, 'this is only a partial evil, and does not interrupt the harmony of the universe; it is only matter changing form, and making room in the great field of nature for new existences; if we had no hawks, in twenty years the whole surface of the earth would be covered with lapwings; and if we had no lapwings, the whole globe would be so overrun with worms, that, like a Cheshire cheese filled with mites, the crusting would crumble away. It is necessary that the stronger animals should prey upon the weaker, and quite in the order of things: but for men to murder each other, is very different, and arises from an unjust accumulation of property. Oh happy times when property was unregarded, when no tyrant could plant his foot upon an acre of ground, and repulse his fellow from the sod! Property! Property! thou art the bane of earthly good, an ulcer in society, and a cancer in the political economy.'

As the Doctor stamped his foot on the ground in the attitude of an orator, heated with the idea of revolution and equality, a young man in a very ragged dress leaped from a thicket of hazels, and holding a pistol to the Doctor's breast, demanded his money.

(To be continued.)

#### AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

The following Gentlemen are authorized to receive subscriptions, and procure pay for the LITERARY TABLET.

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#### FARRAGO.

THE anniversary Commencement of Dartmouth College was holden at Hanover on the 22d of August.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Joshua Bean, Aaron Bean, Abraham Burnham, George T. Chapman, Stephen Farley, Ebenezer O. Fifield, Elias Gallup, Sam'l Gile, Allen Greely, Joel Harris, Alexander Holton, Otis Hutchins, Henry Hutchinson, Anson Jones, John Kelly, Sam'l Knapp, Enos Lewis, Job Lyman, Jacob Miller, William W. Moore, Hubbard Newton, Thomas H. Pettingill, Israel P. Richardson, William Richey, Aaron F. Sawyer, Josiah W. Seaver, John W. Smith, Bufwell Stevens, David Thurston, Horace Utley, James Walker, Ezekiel Webster, Uriah Wilcox, and Avery Williams.

The degree of Bachelor of Medicine was conferred on Abraham Mason and Job Wilson.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Lemuel Bliss, H. Weld Fuller, Abner Howe, Sanford Kingbury, Simeon Lyman, Thomas Abbot Merrill, Josiah Noyes, Daniel Parker and Caleb Jewett Fenney;—on Nathaniel Peabody, Warren Pierce, Peter Cochran, William Ferion, Walter Little, Benjamin R. Woodbridge;—also on Walter Fullerton and Samuel Hunt.

The degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on Lyman Spalding.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Hon. David Humphreys, formerly Ambassador to the Courts of Portugal and Spain; and on Hon. Jeremiah Smith, Chief Justice of this State.

#### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE present TABLET, on account of the shortness of time allowed for preparing materials, contains less original matter than was intended, and less than may be expected in future numbers.

Communications from correspondents will meet with prompt attention. Literary gentlemen, and especially those who have an intimate acquaintance with the *Muses*, are requested to contribute their aid, in filling the columns of the Tablet. Judicious selections, from approved authors, ancient or modern, will be gratefully received.

THOSE who wish for the first volume of the LITERARY TABLET, are requested to apply at the Gazette Office.

#### MARRIED.

At Baltimore, Mr. Roger Younghusband, to Miss Maria Pleasant Brooke. In Philadelphia, Mr. Moore Wharton, to Miss Shoemaker.

At Boston, George W. Prescott, Esq. of Portsmouth, to Miss Mary Grafton. At Andover, Rev. Joseph Bates, of Dedham, to Miss Ann Poor, of Andover. At Windsor, (Ver.) Mr. Nahum Mower, Printer, to Miss Freedom Patrick. In this vicinity, Mr. James Pool, to Miss Lucy Weld.

*The meanest cottage, or costliest dome,  
Is but an upper chamber to the tomb.*



DIED]—In Paris, M. NAUCHE, President of the Galvanic Society: He fell a victim to his zeal for the sciences, being burnt to death by a vial of phosphorus, which he used for his experiments.

In this place, on Saturday, August 25th, the Hon. BEZALEEL WOODWARD, Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy in Dartmouth College.

We can insert, at present, only a very brief sketch of Judge Woodward's life, death and sepulchral solemnities. We, however, anticipate being able, in a few weeks, to furnish our readers with a more ample biography of this learned, useful and highly respected character.

The birth and early life of Professor Woodward, were at Lebanon, in the State of Connecticut. In the 20th year of his age he was graduated at Yale College, 1764. After a few years successfully employed in the Ministry, he was elected a Tutor in this University. Here he soon displayed such talents and improvements, such readiness of thought, and ease of communication, that he was appointed to the office of Professor in Mathematics and Philosophy. The dignity with which he discharged the duties of his station, is witnessed by all who have shared in his instruction. In the civil department, and as a member of society, he was no less eminent, than as an instructor in College. We might also add his usefulness in the church of Christ at this place, of which he was long a worthy member, and high in the esteem and affections of his christian brethren.

His remains were interred on the Tuesday succeeding his decease. The Rev. Dr. SMITH delivered upon the occasion, a well adapted Discourse. The Officers, Trustees and Members of the College joined as mourners, with the afflicted family; and the solemnities were attended by a very numerous collection of friends and acquaintance.

The Alumni of Dartmouth will join with its present officers and members in deploring the loss of a faithful and able Instructor. Those who visited him in his late illness, have had a specimen of decaying greatness, alleviated by an approving conscience, and sustained by resignation and hope. The friends of science will lament the departure of one of its enlightened patrons. Society sympathizes with the bereaved family, retaining a lively sense of his public and domestic virtues—and a numerous acquaintance will mingle their grief in bemoaning the loss of a sincere friend, a valuable citizen and an exemplary christian.

In this place, on Tuesday, 11th inst. greatly lamented, Mrs. HANNAH BREWSTER, aged 55, the amiable consort of Gen. Ebenezer Brewster.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## TIME.

AS late at eve, through yon lone plains I stray'd,  
Where ruin, and her sister silence, dwell,  
In dismal pomp, an awful phantom play'd,  
Whose form the Gods and they alone can tell.

Tho' modest Cynthia veil'd full half her face  
And faintly shone thro' elms once kept for shade,  
I saw the spectre revel o'er the place  
And smile to view the havoc that he made.

Turning his vengeful eye, a lofty tower,  
Which for his grasp too hard he long had found,  
He grappled, and with renovated power  
Indignant threw it headlong to the ground.

I turn'd to leave him, crying as I fled,  
Ah! black with treason, sacrilege and crime;  
"Mock on my lad, I'll have you soon," he said,  
"My power is boundless, and my name is—Time."  
A. Z.

## SELECTED POETRY.

To the EDITOR of the Tablet,

By inserting the following elegant description of  
the honest joys of better days, and a "blest social  
home;" you will kindly oblige, if no other, your  
friend,  
J.

## THE EMIGRANT'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS FORMER STATE.

From Dr. Coombe's Peasant of Auburn; or the Emigrant.

YET witness heaven, tho' such thy chang'd decrees,  
Ne'er did I waste my hours in loitering ease;  
Ne'er did thy blessings prompt a wish to stray,  
Health nerv'd my limbs, and virtue blest my day.  
Then sweet contentment lent her magic power,  
Softened the gale, and warm'd the frozen shower.  
Still, sad remembrance fondly calls to view,  
The field, where once the branching poplar grew.  
'Twas there, when spring renew'd the ploughman's toil,  
My long-drawn furrow turn'd the rugged soil;  
There, with my sickle, through long summer days,  
I work'd, regardless of the noontide blaze;  
And there, the laboring band, as leisure sway'd,  
The bough-crown'd reaper, and the village maid,  
Led up their sports, along the bordering green,  
Whilst age look'd on, and blest the harmless scene.  
Such were my toils, in days too bright to last,  
Such joys were mine, but all those joys are past.

Mean tho' I was, and circled too with care,  
Yet, blest with little, I had still to spare,  
No neighbor's sorrows but assail'd my breast,  
No poorer brother left my door unblest'd.  
To all, my mite, to some, more singly dear,  
I gave the tender tribute of a tear.  
Ofttimes, returning from the task of day,  
I hail'd the weary traveller on his way,  
Remark'd the hour of rest is nearly come,  
And press'd the stranger to my social home.  
Heedless of future ills, the playful train,  
To meet their fire, came shouting o'er the plain,  
With eager joy their little news convey'd,  
Or round the green their mimic dance display'd.  
Perhaps, some neighboring swain, of genial soul,  
Would lift the latch, and join our sober bowl;  
And, whilst his soothing tales engag'd the guest,  
Of slighted love, or modest worth distress'd,  
What e'er our dairy, or our fields afford,  
In frugal plenty, smil'd upon the board.  
Blest social home! and ye dear distant bowers!  
Scenes of my youth, and all my blissful hours;  
Where'er by fortune's hand neglected thrown,  
This heart, this faithful heart, is all your own.  
E'en now, weak nature, rous'd to keener pain,  
Dwells on your charms, and bleeds in every vein.

## RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

BY MISS M. WARNER.

WHILE Patriots on wide Philosophic plan,  
Decaim upon the wond'rous Rights of Man;  
May I presume to speak? and tho' uncommon,  
Stand forth the champion of the Rights of Woman.  
Nay start not gentle sirs, indeed 'tis true  
That Woman has her rights, as well as you,  
And if she's wife, she will assert them too.  
If you'll have patience, and your wrath forbear,  
In a few words I'll tell you what they are.

You know, when Man in Paradise was plac'd,  
(Blest garden with eternal verdure grac'd)  
In vain for real happiness he tried,  
'Till heaven in compassion, from his side  
Taking a rib, fair Eve in all her beauty  
Appear'd; to Adam proffering her duty,  
In terms so gentle, sweet, and void of art,  
That e'er he thought on't, Adam lost his heart.  
Now pray don't think I mean to take Eve's part.  
No, she'd no right, 'twas acting very wrong,  
To listen to the Serpents flattering tongue;  
And from her error, her descendant's claim,  
A right to be tenacious of their fame;  
Knowing how easy she was drawn aside,  
We claim a right to call up all our pride,  
Discretion, honor, sense, to our assistance  
And keep insidious flatterers at a distance.

Next we assert our right, for 'tis our pride  
In all domestic matters to preside;  
And on the mystery of raising pies,  
Compounding stews, and soups, philosophize;  
Study the bush, the vine, or brambles fruit,  
Into transparent jellies to transmute;  
Whip the light syllabub, all froth and show,  
White, sweet, and harmless, like a modern beau.

Are fathers, brothers, friends; oppress'd with care,  
We claim a right in all their grief to share;  
Shed balm upon their pillow of repose,  
And strip of thorns life's quickly fading rose;  
Augmenting to the utmost of our power,  
The pleasures of the gay or tranquil hour;  
While man abroad for happiness may roam,  
'Tis ours to make a paradise at home.

Our known exclusive privilege of beauty  
You all allow; and next in filial duty  
Pre-eminent we stand. The Grecian dame,  
Who daily to her father's prison came,  
And while maternal fondness wrung her heart,  
Forsook the mother's, for the daughter's part.  
The fair Virginia, who would not withstand  
The stroke of death, from a lov'd father's hand;  
But meekly yielded, left the next sad hour  
Should give her to the vile Decemvir's pow'r;  
The gentle Ruth, whose heart by friendship tried,  
Refus'd to quit forlorn Naomi's side,  
Boldly asserted, and her right approved,  
To serve the mother of the man she had lov'd.  
As 'tis our right, oh! be it still our praise,  
To gild the eve of our dear parents' days,  
Smooth the dread slope which leads to man's last doom,  
And decorate with graceful love, their tomb.

Next 'tis our right to watch the sick man's bed,  
Bathe the swollen limb, or bind the aching head.  
Present each nauseous draught with tenderness,  
And hide the anxious tear we can't repress;  
On tiptoe glide around the darkened room,  
And strive by smiles to dissipate its gloom,  
Chear, comfort, help them patient to endure,  
And mitigate the ills we cannot cure.

We claim undoubted right the tear to dry,  
Which gushes from afflictions languid eye,  
The widows heart to chear, her wrongs redress,  
And be the mother of the parentless;  
Snatch them from vice, or poverty's abode,  
And dedicate their orphan lives to God.  
Not by immuring them in gloomy cells,  
Where palsied fear, or superstition dwells,  
But teaching them the duties of their station,  
Guarding their infant minds against temptation,  
Learning them by industry how to be  
Good useful members of society.

These are our rights: those rights who dares dispute  
Let him speak now. No answer, what all mute?  
But soft, methinks some discontented fair  
Cries, "These are duties, miss." Agreed, they are,  
But know you not that Woman's proper sphere  
Is the domestic walk? To interfere  
With politics, divinity, or law,  
As much deserved ridicule would draw  
On Woman,—as the learned grave divine,  
Cooking the soup on which he means to dine;  
Or solemn judge the winders at his knee,  
Preparing silks to work embroidery.

Domestic duty! Oh how blest are we!  
All women are not so, for we are free  
Those duties to perform, in varied stations,  
While the poor women of the eastern nations,  
Shut from society, hard! hard! their case is  
Forbidden to walk abroad, or show their faces;  
From every care, from thought and duty free  
Live lives of listless inactivity.  
Live did I say?—no, I'm mistaken there,  
'Tis vegetating, like the gay patterne,  
Where tulips, roses, pinks, allure the eye;  
Expand their duties, are admir'd, and die.

While summon'd to employ life's active pow'r  
How great, how blest, a privilege is ours:  
While laudably employ'd, all men respect us,  
Oppress'd, we have fathers, brothers to protect us;  
And are we Orphans; Orphans never crave  
In vain, protection from the good and brave,  
Then ever let it be our pride ye fair,  
To merit their protection love and care,  
With useful knowledge be our heads well stor'd,  
Whilst in our hearts we every virtue hoard,  
These rights we may assert, and howe'er common,  
These, and these only; are the Rights of Woman.

## MIRROR OF MOMUS.

EPITAPH — Scolding Wife.

HERE lies my wife, poor Molly! let her lie,  
She finds repose at last—and so do I.

DEAN SWIFT said to one, who supposed him-  
self a wit,

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come,  
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

BY PRIOR.

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool,  
By demonstration Ned can show it;  
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule  
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

## THE LAWYER AND CLIENT.

TWO Lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,  
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before;  
"Zounds," says the losing client, "how came you  
"To be such friends, who were such foes just now?"  
"Thou fool," says one, "we lawyers tho' so keen,  
"Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's be-  
tween."

JACK, eating rotten cheese, did say,  
Like Samson, I my thousands slay;  
I vow, quoth Roger, so you do,  
And with the self-same weapon too.

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